

A THIRD  
DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN THE  
POPE  
AND A  
PHANATICK  
Concerning AFFAIRS in  
E N G L A N D.

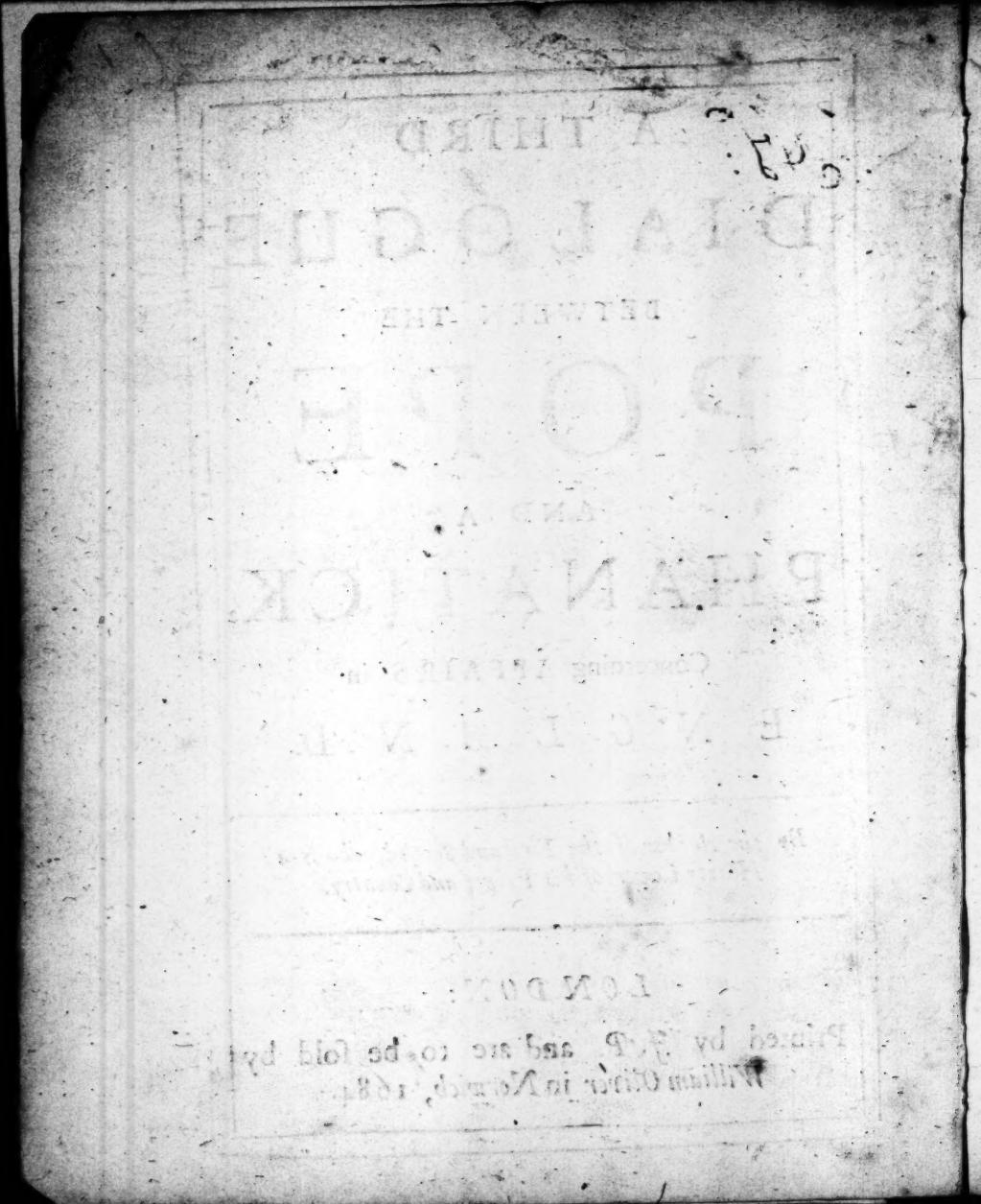
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*By the Author of the First and Second, who is a  
Hearty Lover of his Prince and Country.*

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*A. H.* AN  
EPIS TLE  
TO THE  
LOYAL  
OBSERVATOR.

W hat, Sixty Eight years old, and yet an Observator? Well, Live, and Write on, out-live the damn'd Old Cause, and when you have made your being here impertinent, then leave us, and converse with Intelligences: In the mean time I find Men widely differ in your Character, some count you as a Plague, and others take you for a Prodigie. For my part, I dare tell the World, I Love and Honour you. But the other day I chanc'd into a CLAN of WHIGS, and TRIMMERS, where your Name was the subject of their Wit and Malice; one who seemed most modest and demure, did gravely stile you one of the chiefest Agents of Satan; another of a warmer Tongue and i

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## The EPISTLE.

and temper, would have you to be Prime Secretary to the Pope and the Devil, he said, your Pen did smell of Fire and Brimstone, and thought it was unquenchable too ; they all agreed you were as much a mischief to the Nation as the last great Frost, or the Summers Drought. I sat and heard these Harangues with great impatience, not out of Pity but of Loyal envy ; For why should you have a Monopoly ? —

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A

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*Dr. Hartopp*

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A THIRD  
DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN THE  
POPE  
AND A  
PHANATICK.

Pope. **H**OLD Brother, hold; why such hast?  
pray stop a while.

Phan. Oh, Sir, I am flying for  
Life, Liberty, and Property, pursued  
by the Kings Blood-hounds *Rouge*  
*Croix*, *Rouge Dragon*, *Portecul-*  
*lis*, and *Blucmantle*; besides whole  
packs of *Furies* and *Tories*.

Po. Come, I will show you into a close retire-  
ment, where the Sun it self shall be no evidence  
against you, where you shall be as secure as if you  
were landed upon *terra incognita*.

B

Come,

*The Titles of the  
Kings four Pursuivans  
at Arms.*

Come, Now pray tell me what's the matter ;  
for you look like a Spectre, as if you were all Spirit indeed : So wonderfully chang'd since our first conference, that I should not have known you, but only by that Cainish mark in your face, by which you are distinguisht as plainly as St. Peters by the Cupola.

Why do you gaze thus ?

Ph. I spy within the Niches of the wall, two Antick Statues ; methinks they look so like Observators, that I dare not speak my thoughts ; for I protest, Brother, my fears are so great, and my affairs so nice, that I dare not trust the shadow of a man, and I have heard so many miracles of your Romish Images, that I am afraid they are not all dumb Idols.

Po. Why ? these are the Statues of honest S. Peter, and S. Paul, who you know were men of Primitive Integrity ; and if they could yet Preach and make Orations, I hope you might trust them at a Convent.

Peter, and Paul, they were Old Evidences against me, I would sooner trust the Pagan Image that fell down from Jupiter ; I would not speak True-Protestant Treason before their two Sculls, in S. John de Lateran ; why, they were two Tory Apistles, that taught the world the slavery of Passive Obedience ; and were such fools, to be Martyrs, when they had the power of working Miracles ; they preacht up the Supremacy, and the Divine Right of Monarchs, and I wonder you allow them a shrine among your Romish Icons ; I should have more veneration for the Pictures of Judas and Barabbas ; they were brave Hero's and understood the Bravery and Gallantry of Treason, and Insurrection.

Po. Well,

*Po.* Well, I will so far comply with your superstitious fears, as to remove into a private apartment, where there shall not be one Picture of a Saint, besides you and I.

Now we are enclosed within so many Walls, that we are secure from all humane notice, except it be your *Titus Thaumaturgus*, and I am told, that if he lay his Ear to the Lobby of a Presbyterian House of Commons, he can, by virtue of that Acousticon, hear at Westminster what is whisper'd in the Vatican; but I think of late he hath lost his senfes; therefore pray begin, and give me some account of your affairs.

*Fb.* Ah, Sir, undone to all my intents and purposes: My Oracle is ceast, my Demons are fled, my Principal Members cut off, my Elect of London are reprobated, and I am afraid of a Quo warranto against Magna Charta; in short, the Devil of Discovery hath ruined us, and to speak truth, Discovery and Disappointment, are the two greatest Devils I fear in the World.

*Po.* What, has my name lost its ancient Infallibility? I thought the Theatrical Thunder of the Popish Plot must have done more certain execution upon the Port Royal, than Ten Thousand Quintals of Turkish Powder.

*Pb.* Truly Sir, I had dress'd up the Morno of the Popish Plot, with so much popular and artificial horror, that I had almost frighted the people out of their wits, and you know that nothing more serves the Interest of our Sodit Party, than the mindless of the People.

King

When I observed a fit juncture to put the Nation into a flame, I first kindled the fire with those Brimstone Matches, the fears, and Jealousies of Popery, I had then the mighty advantage of a Presbyterian House of Commons, who were at that time the Representative Lungs of the Nation: Their popular breath blew up the flame into so fierce a rage, that the City was cooler in the fire of London, than it was in the heat of the Popish Plot; and when I had procured a Printed Resolve, and prefixed it to a Fast-book, that there was a Damnable hellish Popish Plot against the Life of the King, and the Government, I thought I had been secure both of the Government and the Life of the King: But, oh, that fatal flight from Oxford! It was ten times more unfortunate to us than the Kings escape from Worcester; for then he only fled with his own Life, and left us to share his Fortunes, but now he carried his Crowns and Kingdoms with him; and left us nothing but Prisons, and Pillories, Jayles, and Gibbets.

Po. I should have triumphed as much in the destruction of the English Monarchy, and Hierarchy, as the Grand Vizier would have done in the Ashes of Vienna, and if your Popish Plot had effected the design, I would have made my silent advantage of the Ruine, and dissembled the affront to my Holiness and honour; but since it failed of success, I think it my Interest to disown it.

The Doctrines of Depriving, Deposing, and Murthering of Kings, I thought Politick Divinity some Hundred years ago, but the Circumstances of Christendom are strangely altered since the days of King

King John ; I have for many years been forced to lay aside my thunders, and saw it my Interest to Court, and not Assassinate ; I dare not in this nice Crisis be so bold with *Lewis of France*, as I was of old with *Ludovicus of Germany*.

When your *Sultan Oliver* brought the King to the Bar, I would not have had *One Papist* upon the Bench for a Million of *Crowns*, for then I had lost all hopes of the Royal Blood, and eternally ruined my whole interest in *England*; I confess, my continued *Intrigues* for *Indulgence*, and all the softer methods of insinuation, to propagate my *Religion*, but as for those daring adventures of *Treason*, and *Regicide*, they are All your own, and therefore I declare in spight of *Satan* and *Salamanca*, that I knew no more of a Plot against the Life of the King, than the *Groaning-board*.

*Pb.* Alas, Sir, you never yet had an *Act of Oblivion*, and therefore your *Parisian*, and *Irish Massacres*, your *Smithfield Fires*, and your *Gunpowder Treason*, though acted long since, are more fresh in memory than my late Murder of *Charles the First*; and if I ~~Swear~~ you *Guilty*, all the Tongues of Men and Angels can't perswade the people that you're *Pope INNOCENT*.

*Po.* Well, I do hope that *Time* or the *Gallows* will give you Grace to confess the *Cheat*; in the mean time, I must tell you, that if you had charged me with a *Plot* of any Honourable contrivance, or plausible Perjury, I should have pardoned such a meritorious forgery; but to bring me upon the Stage in a Fools-coat and Cap, to make my Nobles, and Priests, to act the parts of *Bedlams*, this was a

*Sham*,

*Sham*, and *Effrontery*, that must be resented. You know that the Court of *Rome* hath been more famous for Policy, than Divinity, and I have, by *finess*, and *artifice*, ruined more Kings than ever you knew; and can it be reconciled to common Reason, or Interest, that we should trust the *Arcana* of our *Roman Empire*, and thbse Sacred endearments of Lives and Fortunes, to the Mercy and Management of a Company of *Banditi*, *Reno-  
gadoes*, and *Lazarillo's*, whose Iniquity and Indigence must certainly betray us?

Had you told the people, that there was a mighty *Spaniſh Armada* ſeen at Anchor on *Salisbury Plaines*, it had been as probable a *Romance*, as your *Forty Thousand Pilgrims from Spain*.

And as for the Murder of Sir E. B. G. It fell out unluckily, the laying of the *Scene* in *Somerset's house*, for it looks a little oddly, that the *Thames* gliding by the walls of that Palace, the Murderers of that unfortunate Gentleman ſhould not in that Critical juncture have endeavoured an eternal concealment of the Murder, especially there being at hand, so eafe and ſo ſafe a conveyance to the *Thames*, wherewithal with leſs weight than a Milſtone, he might have been ſunk 'till *Dooms-day*; but the overſeeing this ready advantage, and the exposing his Body above ground, nigh the paſſage to an *Imperial City*, look'd like Frenzy beyond all the extravagancies and ecſtacies of *Bedlam*; you might as well have reportedi that I had cut my own Throat, or leapt off the *Mau-  
ment*: And it is a miracle to me, how you could gain a belief of ſo wonderful a Proceeding.

Pb. Why,

Ph. Why, Sir, the very word *Pope*, is Enchantment; and hath a prodigious power of Infatuation upon the people of *England*: For suppose I should invent a Plot, as dark, and confused, as the first *Chaos*, whose Monstrousities could out-do all the Fables of *Yahweh* and *Satan*: Allow me but the *Harangues* of a Presbyterian One-and-Forty-Parliament, to Echo the noise of a *Popish Plot*, and the People would believe it as great a *Truth*, as the Pharisees *Conspiracy* against *Jesus*; but to conclude this; Sir, I spoke the *Prologue* to the *Popish Plot* before the *Parliament* at *Westminster*: And at *Oxford*, the King unhappily spoke the *Epilogue*; and so FINIS and FITS.HARRIS.

Po. But Brother, you know that the Good Old Cause, which is our Common Interest, amounts to no less than a *Supremacy* over all the *Kings* of the Earth; and that is so Sweet, and Glorious a Sovereignty, that I hope you will never give over your designs for That first Monarchy, or Kingdom of Christ, as you wisely phrase it.

Ph. Never suspect it, my zeal is too warm and obstinate, to be discouraged by a *Disappointment*; and as long as my Numbers can merit the name of Legion, or Association, so long I will have the grace to persevere; and therefore having shed a little blood by a falsifying blow, but missing my chief aim in the *Popish Plot*, I still pursued the same design, only shifting the Scene from *Rome*, to *Geneva*.

And now enter *Anthony* and the Giant *Ferguson*, with Six Trumpeters attended with Forty brave Sons of *Anak*, Arm'd with Sword and *Blunderbuss*, followed

lowed by a mighty train, tyed together with Green Ribbands. Now Sir, you know that the Saints have diversity of Gifts, and difference in Operation : My Presbyterian was for destroying the King after the English fashion, by the more generous, and Religious procedure of a Civil War, or the Popular Authority of a High Court of Justice : My Independent Zelots were for Killing the King, Alarode de France ; and like your St. Clement, and Raviliac, resolved upon the surest, and shortest method of Assassination ; Your Jesuit Mariana and My Junius Brutus have resolved the Case, that if a Prince invades our Religious Rights or Civil Properties, he is, by your Divinity, and Mine, decreed a Tyrant : And then we are agreed on both sides, that a Tyrant is a State-Behemoth, and to kill such a Beast of Prey, is not only Justice, but Merit : What Sainted our George, but the killing of a Dragon ? and when David slew the Lion, and the Bear, and cut off the head of the Uncircumcised Philistine, he was a Hero but no Assassin.

Po. I grant that if a Prince affront our humour or Interest, we have an ancient privilege to censure him for an Heretick or a Tyrant ; But in this Age, I dare not own the Consequence of Assassination ; not that this Modesty proceeds from any nicety of Conscience, but Policy, and Interest oblige me to dissemble that Grim Divinity.

And whatever you pretend, I know the Duke hath a greater Endearment for his Brother, than he hath for the Pope, and I do easily foresee, that if the King should fall by the hand of a Papist, the Duke would, in abhorrence of the Fact, declare

Shan

clare himself a Protestant, nothing would appease his revenging mind, but a *Massacre of the Papists in England*, or the *Abes of Rome*.

Indeed if I were again *Lord Paramount of Christendom*, and had *Crowns* for *Styrrups*; and could mount my horse upon the back of *Kings*, as formerly I have done: Or if my *Numbers* in *England* were as great as yours, I should then no more scruple the hard words of *Association*, or *Assassination*, than you do; but in my present Circumstances, I can only dance in a *Court-Mask*, with *Caress*, and *Complaisance*; But I must leave *You* to Act the rougher Scenes of *Tragedy*.

*Pb.* Nay, I am satisfied, that your present temper is but *Politick dissimulation*, for I am certain, as long as you are *Pope*, you must be of my opinion, in the matter of *Princes*; and so long I will own you for a *Brother*: But if ever you dwindle into a *Bishop of Rome*, and an *Apostolick slavery* to *Crowns Imperial*, I shall hate your *Episcopacy*, and scorn your *Alliance*.

But what did you mean by that sneakish *Anathema* in the Council of *Constance*? to reprobate that *Heroick Thesis*, that *any Subject whatsoever*, not only *might*, but *was obliged to* *destroy a Tyrant*, either by *open violence*, or by *any private ambush or artifice*.

*Po.* This Decree was occasion'd by the Impudence of your Rebel Ancestors, the *True Protestant Hussars of Bohemia*, who declared it as an Article of their reforming Divinity, that *if a Prince were a Criminal, he did by his crimes forfeit his Crown*, and *any one might*

Tyrannum posse &  
debere occidi a quoque  
que subdito non aperi-  
ta vi modo sed etiam  
per insidias & fraudes,

Principes quoconque criminis admisso principatu cadere posse que potestate quam in iuria occupabant à quoconque impune Spoliari.

might with impunity despoil him of that Authority, to which (in their opinion) he had then no Title.

Now you must know that the Golden Trade of disposing Crowns and Kingdoms was the Monopoly of *Rome*, and I only claim the Prerogative of *Religious Regicide*; and therefore when your *Hussites* and *Taborites* became *Interlopers*, it was my Interest to decree, that none should destroy Kings but my self. But, to speak truth to a Brother, there was at that time *three Heads*, that did pretend to the *Triple Crown*; and the Church of *Rome* being under that distraction, might pass that *Canon* as a Complement to the *Emperour*, who had the chief influence and management of *That Council*; but I cannot find that Pope *Martin the fifth*, or *Engenius*, or any of their *Roman Successors*, did ever Ratify that *Anathema*, and therefore, it having no *Pontifical* sanction, I have left my self as much power and freedom to destroy and depose Kings, as ever I had before the Council of *Constance*; and if ever the Stars be again *Popishly-affected*, you shall see me reassume my Thunders with a *Nos obstante*.

*Thunders w<sup>t</sup>a  
No. Abstain*

I grant that we must assert the *Papal*, and *Popular Supremacy*, by maintaining our *deposing*, and *Affirming* *Divinity*; for this will be a mighty awe upon Princes, and without this, we can never propagate our *Good Old Cause*; but the Cavaliering Clergy of the Church of *England* have cursed arguments against this our Common Principle, and in my opinion, my Jesuit *Mariana* has not answer'd them with sufficient satisfaction, and I would gladly hear how your

your Sophistry can respond to those desperate objections; but at this time I will only mention their Argument drawn from Antiquity: They tell us that the Christians of the first three hundred years, had a greater advantage of understanding the Laws and Temper of Christianity, than we can pretend to, at the distance of sixteen Centuries; and though these Christians lived under Emperours, who were Pagans, and Tyrants too; yet they quietly suffer'd all the Invasions upon their Lives, Liberties, and Properties, that a Tyrannick malice and power could contrive or execute, and yet in the History of those Ages, we Read of the Noble Army of Martyrs, but not of One Rebel, or Assassin among all the Christian Legions.

*Pb.* Do you account this such a formidable Argument?

*Po.* Yes indeed in my opinion it looks severely, and if you can take it off, you deserve to be Superior to the whole order of Jesuits.

*Ph.* Well then, First I answer, that it is very probable, it was a Christian Souldier that Murdered Julian in his Persian expedition, and that Souldier was the only True-Protestant or Papist in all the Roman Army.

But if a meer probability have not weight enough, then I grant them the opinion of some of their admired ancients, that Julian was slain by an Angel; now it cannot be fancied, that an Evil Angel should smite an Apostate Brother, for it could not be the Interest of the Devil to destroy such an eminent Devoto to his Empire: And if he were dispatch't by Gabriel, or Michael, or any other of

the Heavenly Host, then we have a precedent from Heaven, for the killing of *Tyrants* upon Earth; and why should not the *Saints* be *Assassins*, as well as *Angels*; especially considering that those flaming Spirits are made the patern of our Zeal and Devotion?

*Po.* This I confess may be plausible to the *Vulgus*, but the Malignant Divines will unluckily rejoyn, that Angels were no Subjects of the Empire; under no obligation of Allegiance to the Emperour *Julian*, and that the destroying Angel had a divine Authority, or a special warrant for that execution: But they will tell the world, that every humane Soul is obliged to be Subject to the Secular powers, and therefore conclude, that the Assassination of *Tyrants* must be left as the peculiar service of *Angels*, but 'tis beyond the Commission of *Saints*.

*Ph.* Well then, Grant that *Julian* fell by a Persian dart, and that there is not one instance of Rebellion, or Regicide in the first three hundred years, what is all this to you and I? For I return them their own argument in the Case of *Cathedrals*, and *Ceremonies*; what tho' the Church in their Infant weakness knew no such Glorious or Solemn practices, must they therefore be unlawful to the *Saints*, who are arrived to the full heat of blood, and bravery? They might argue by the same Logick, that because *Innocent Adam* went naked, therefore no *Saint* must wear a *Coat of Mail*; and because *Abel* knew nothing of the Invention of *Guns*, therefore it is unlawful for the race of *Cain* to fire a *Battering*.

po. I acknowledge this answer to be fine and popular, but it will never silence the Clergy of England, those disputers of this world, as bisho<sup>p</sup>

Ph. Sir, if you and I can compose such a System of Politick Divinity, as to perswade the People, that the Saines, and the Senate, have the Supreme disposing of Princes, our business is done by that popular delusion, and we may laugh at all the Learning and Arguments of Cambridge and Oxford. For we have this advantage, that our Proselytes will sooner Read the Alcoran, than the Writings of the English Clergy, and have no more value for Their Canons, than they have for the Votes of a House of Commons. But as for the Tory Divines, it is as much impossible for us to convince them, as it is for them to convert us, for they are such blind adorers of the King, that they honour him even to Idolatry, and wish his Kingdom might be everlasting.

I dare engage they should sooner believe the Miracle of the Mass, than the momentous mystery of Assassination; and might with more ease be tempted to Worship the Eucharist, than to Murder the King.

Po. Well, we have spent too much time in this speculative discourse, pray proceed to the practical part of this destroying Divinity. What success had you, when you Acted in your Own Property, without the Mask of a Popish Plot?

Ph. Ah, Sir, I hate that damn'd <sup>1</sup> Henry soit qui cursed French, that encircles the many penes. Royal Arms, I believe it is some Charm or Conjuration, for we can't design a little mischief against the King, but it will fall upon our own.

own heads ; my Presbyterian Republicans were agreed upon a General Insurrection , and this would as surely have put the Nation into a flame , as the last Conflagration : My Atheists , and Independents had assign'd the Persons , the Arms , the Time , and the Place , for the Assassination of the King and the Duke ; but in the Interval , the fire fell upon that Little Sodom , Newmarket , and some Tory Angel conducted the King to Zoar , and that untimely flight disappointed the Plot , and the Blunderbus .

That fire at Newmarket was of such prodigious consequence to the King , and Kingdom , that I am afraid it was more than chance ; and begin to suspect there may be a God and a Providence , and that some of the Old Horsemen of Israel have Listed themselves in the Kings Lifeguard .

Po. Tho' I could never believe you to be a very good Christian , yet I have so much Charity as not to think you an Atheist .

Pb. Can you suppose that I would ever have profan'd Temples , Ravisht the Revenues of the Church , and shed the Blood of the King , if I had believed , there had been a God , who could have required Restitution for the one , and Vengeance for the other ?

If I were perswaded of the Existence of a God , I must grant by consequence , that a Bloody , and Malicious Perjury were as bold a defiance of Om-niscience as a plain God-damme ; but I must confess I lookt upon the Devil as a meer Sign to a Tavern , and the bugbear of Damnation , as Politick a sham as the Popish Plot , and therefore to me , Oaths were

were never a part of Religion, but of Interest.

Po. Indeed he that well considers your Annals, from Forty to Sixty, and your desperate management of the *Popish Plot*, will find Villains enough to make you suspected for an *Atheist*; but yet who ever talkt more, of God, and Providence, than *You*?

Ph. Alas, Sir, these were excellent Words in Popular Cant and delusion, and therefore I used them to serve my Interest; but I never thought them more Divine or Almighty, than the Name of *Pope*, *Protestant*, and *Parliament*; for these made as great a noise, and did as much service, as the other.

Po. But however I should think it your Interest to be a *Christian*, at least in *Masquerade*; and therefore I can discern no policy in your late good wishes for the *Turkish Army*, for that was too broad a discovery of Irreligion; sure you cannot think that the *Grand Vizir* did fight the *Lords Battels*; but yet I suppose, that you are of the opinion of your great Apostle, *Luther*, for I remember that *Sultan Solymar* and *Martin Luther*, did infect the *German Empire* in the same Age; and *Martin* had so great a Friendship for *Mahomet*, that he and his followers taught the people in publick Harangues, *that it was a mortal Sin to fight against the Turks, it being a plain affront to the divine will, because God had sent the Turks to chastise the Pope, and the Christian Princes, who were four*.

Luther y sus sequaces, predicavan, y hazian entender, a la probre gente Tudeca que pelear contra Turcos era peccado mortal, tanto como resistir sia la voluntad de Dios, que los embiaava para castigar al Papay, a los Principes Christianos que eran catorze veles peores que Turcos. De Illescas pontific. Hist. in Span. Tom. 2, Fol. 292. times.

*times worse than the Mahometans. And indeed when I observed that your Caballers chose the Green Ribbon for their Liberty, I did suspect your favour for Mahometanisme, That Colour being the most Sacred in the Turkish Religion.*

Ph. Vengeance begins to enquire for the Blood of *Charles the First*, and *My Plots and Perjuries* are so plainly detected, that I am now of opinion, there may be a God; but I am sure there is no Idolatry in the Church of Mahomet, and Coffee is a more sober drink, than *Lachryma Christi*, and I don't know but a man may be as nigh Heaven at Mecca, as at Mount Olivet, and there may be many Chapters in the *Alcoran*, as much *jure divino* as the 13th. of the *Romans*. You see the Turk is posses'd of Jerusalem and the promised Land, the ancient seat of the Elect; and is made Lord over the Seven Churches of Asia; and besides he is so complacent, as to allow his dominions the Natural Civility of a Toleration; what tho' he propagates his Religion by Fire and Sword? It is a method far more divine and generous than *Penal Laws*, and *Spanish Inquisitions*, and therefore I have taught my Proselytes, that Mahomet is a Greater Prophet, than the Pope: Nay, that *Paganisme* is a more Natural Religion than Popery; Nay I believe they have a more favourable opinion of the Devil, than they have of the Pope, for the Devil has taken the Covenant and the Engagement, and endeavours the extirpation of Monarchy and Hierarchy, as much as we, and besides he is a Prince so far from *Tyranny*, and *Arbitrary Power*, that he would have no man governed by Laws, or Canons, nor confined to any Orders or Modes

*Modes of Religion*, but allows every man to gratifie his passion and appetite, and to follow his own private fancy, and humour.

Po. I do believe that your *Profelytes* would sooner Worship the *Devil*, than fall down to the *Pope*, but I can see no reason why you should so adore the *Turk*: For grant, that I have added some *Superstitions Superstructures* to the *Apostolick Foundation*, yet sure that great *Fundamental*, that *Jesus is the Christ*, is a more hopeful Title to Salvation than all the *Mahometan Creed*. And therefore any man that believes the *Gospel* to be more divine than the *Alcoran*, must think it more eligible to be a *Christian Papist*, than a *Turkish Puritan*.

Ph In the matter of *Salvation*, the *Turk* and I have more infallible security than you. For we believe eternal felicity to be our *Fate*, and not our *Merit*: And all the priv ledges of Paradice were settled upon us by the *Charter of Election*, many Ages before Christ was born: And there is no *Quo Warranto* from the Court above

Po. About two years since, you thought the *Charter of London*, as much unalterable as your *Decree of Elections*: But without a mighty change of manners, you will find your self as much deceiv'd in the one, as you were mistaken in the other. For the *Jews* had once as large a *Charter of Election* as ever you can pretend to; but yet you see, upon their misdemeanours, there was a *Quo Warranto* brought against the whole *Body of Israel*, and judgment entered against them, and they have been *disfranchis'd* above this 1600 years. And if *Perjury* and *Regicide*, *Murder* and *Malice*,

D

Rapine

*Rapine and Sacrilege, Sedition and Treason, Envy and Hypocrisie, be no Barrs to Salvation; the Gate of Heaven must be as wide as the Portico to the Turkish Paradise:* Where the Alcoran tells us, there are Apartments, not only for those minuter Animals, as *Abrahams Ram, Moses Heifer, Solomons Ant, the Queen of Sheba's Parrot, the Seven Sleepers Dog*: But the Passage is so Broad, that *Mahomet* and *Camel* and *Jonahs Whale*, have made their *Entra* into that *Turkish Elysium*. Therefore I would advise you, to Sail directly for the *Hellespont*, and become *Mahometan*: For that Religion which allows a *Heaven* for the *Dog*, and the *Leviathan*, can give you the best hopes of future felicity: But I fancy if you were design'd to turn *Mahometan*, the *Mufti* would not admit you for a *Musselman*; for he is wont to say, that an *Ill Christian* will never make an *Honest Turk*.

*Pb.* This is very pleasant indeed, as if your Honours had not committed as much iniquity as mine. Were not you as much *Antichrist*, as the *Turk*, or the *Jew*, and more than the *Devil*, when you vented that blasphemous saying, *O quantum nobis profuit hac fabula Christi!* I confess the *Kingdom of Christ* was the *Title* to my *Holy War*, but I never gain'd so much by that Name as you have done; alass, what were the Spoils and Plunders of three Kingdoms, compar'd to the vast Revenues of your *Triple Crown*?

Well, I don't question but in this Age to see the downfall of *Rome*. And tho' the *Grand Visir* was the last year unfortunate, yet remember, that your *Peters Cathedral* hath a *Cupola*, after the mode of the

the *Turkisb Mischs*, and it may yet follow the Fate of *Santa Sophia*.

*Po.* If *Rome* be *Mystical Babylon*, or the chief seat of the *Beast*, (as the *Hereticks* phrase it) My comfort is, that the *Turk* and *You*, are the *Half-moons*, and *Out-works* of *Antichrist*, You must be first batter'd down, before the fall of *Babylon*. But I am weary of this railery, let us return to your unfortunate *Conspiracy*.

Did *Tour Martyrs* go off with as much Gallantry as mine? Those *Roman Heroes*, whom you offer'd up in Sacrifice to your *Moloeh*, tho' they were persons of different Education and Tempers, yet had so clear an innocence, that with dying Vows they disown'd the whole Scene of the *Popish Plot*: The Lord *Stafford's* Speech look'd like the plain meaning of dying innocence, and not like the Artificial composure of any *Northern Jesuit*.

*Ph.* Your Doctrines of *Equivocation*, and *Mental Reservation*, have possest the People with such an inveterate prejudice, that the *Papists* can have no method of Credibility.

Suppose the Lord *Stafford* had out-done the *Legend* of your *St. Dennis*, and after the Axe had given the fatal blow, should have leapt upright and taken his Head under his Arm, and walk'd in solemn Parade from the *Scaffold*, to the House of *Commons*, and with the Tongue of Men and Angels should have spoken his innocence: I could easily have shamm'd the *Miracle*, and persuad'd the people it was no more than one of the deceivable works, or lying wonders of *Antichrist*. Theff. 2. 2.

For I have this advantage, that the Populace will believe a *Presbyterian*, as much as *Moses*, and the *Prophets*, but they will not be perswaded that a *Papist* spake true, tho' he rose from the dead.

*Po.* But were none of your *Martyrs, Confessors?*

*Pb.* Truly Sir, I begin to have a very favourable opinion of *Auricular Confession*; for I see no publick mischief in those private whispers; but as for that lowd Confession from *Carts*, and *Scaffold*s, before *Guards* and *Lictors*, and throngs of *Observators*, this is base, Unpolitick and Treacherous; but the fatal discovery forced me into a nice *dilemma*; for there was so much honourable Evidence against me, that if I had denied the whole matter, I must have been suspected for an *Atheist*, and if I had confess'd the whole Plot, I must have been Branded for a Fool; therefore to avoid the Imputations of *Atheisme*, and Imprudence, I advised my *Protomartyrs* to make such cloudy confessions, and mystical denials, that the *Tories* thought there was enough confess'd, to believe the whole conspiracy; and my *Whigs*, and *Trimmers*, thought there was so much denied, as they saw reason to believe there was *no Plot at all*.

But alas, Sir, though popular delusion be an easie Art, yet I find it impossible to put a *sham* upon the *King*, or the *Blazing Star*; I can't impose upon the wisdom of the one, nor escape the influence of the other.

*Po.* But what, have you no *Crutches* for the *Good Old Cause*, to support her in her decrepit Age, but will you suffer her to drop, and dye?

*Pb. Truly*

*Ph.* Truly I begin to despond, for in the days of *Charles the First*, our designs met such a prosperous and prodigious success, that I thought Providence it self had taken the *Covenant*; but now fortune runs counter to all my Old Stratagems, as if the Stars were turned *Tories*, and all the *Angels*, *Abhorers*.

When first my *Scottish Brethren* took *Arms*, and *Covenant*, in defence of *Kirk*, and *Conscience*; and *Charles the First* marched down with a Potent Army, able to have swallowed any thing in *Scotland*, but the *Covenant*, then he was Graciously pleased to make a civil *Pacification* with my Pious dissenters, and that peace was the first piece of his *Scaffold*; but now when my *Field-Conventiclers* of *Scotland*, Preached up their Natural Religion of *Rebellion* upon the head of a *Drum*, and for an use of Terror, took *Sword* and *Musket* to assert their Champain Divinity, presently *Charles the Second* sends express order to fight them, and which is worse, he beat them too.

*Charles the First* was so confiding, that he trusted the Parliament with those Royal trifles, *Magazines*, and *Militia*. But *Charles the Second*, like the *Politick Philistine*, hath disarm'd the people of the Lord, and would not have one *Sword* nor *Sphere* found in all the hands of *Israel*; but as for himself, he is so far from being unguarded, that *White-hall* looks more like a *Garrison*, than a *Palace*, and the *Tower* more formidable than your *Castle* of *St. Angelo*, and if his *Exchequer* were as full as his *Magazines*, and his *Plate-fleet* were proportioned to his *Men of War*, he would affright both *Rome*, and *Carthage*, *Monsieur*, and *Mahomet*.

*Charles*

*Charles the First* did grant us that mighty power to dissolve the *King*, and perpetuate the *Parliament*, but now I am afraid this King will live for ever, while Parliaments, like Mortal Creatures, are exposed to the frailties of *Prorogations*, and *Dissolutions*, and the fainting fits of *Triennial Intervals*.

There was a time, when *Charles the First* was so contemptible, that we look't upon him as the meer *Signe of the Kings Head*, and then, my *Heroick Commons* could pals that daring Vote of *Non-addresses*; but the Life and Honour of this King is valued at such a Rate, that we are plagued with Addresses from all Quarters; and such Addresses too, as tend more to make him a *Sultan*, than a *Sacrifice*, for a long time our *Gazets* were so crowded with *County*, and *Corporation-Addresses*, that there was no room for the *Imperial Army*, or the *French Troops*; nay the *Turk*, and the *Dutch*, were excluded, as if there had been no businels in the World but Addressing; we had nothing but *Loft Dogs*, *Straied Horses*, and *Renegado's*, to bring up the rear of the *Tory Addressers*.

In our prosperous days the very Tail of the Commons could whip off the Head of a King, but now the hand of the King hath taken off the Head of the Commons; thus my fortune is reverit, and I fear I shall be forced, either to repent or despair, and those are both desperate extremities.

Po. I remember that in our first conference, you made your *Critical remark* upon that Crucifying Lesson, which by the course of the *English Calendar* falls upon the 30th. of *January*, and next upon the

29th, of *May*; and did conclude upon this unforeseen appointment, that Providence had design'd you to act over the same *Tragedy* again; but I did then interpret that notable accident to a contrary Sense, and told you that it might rather indicate that *Charles the Second*, was Born to revenge the Blood of the *First*; and now I believe you will find me a truer Prophet than your dear *Mahomet*, and be made sensible of my Infallibility; truly Brother I begin to fear, that *Monarchy* will at last prove more *jure divino*, than you and I.

But notwithstanding your droll upon the Throng of Addressers, yet I look upon that proceeding as a very Politick Stratagem; for they have rendred the King Great and Formidable, and have firmly establisht that Church, which you and I have laboured to destroy; you may remember that your flourishing Address to *Oliver*, in LIII. did help to make him as great as the *Mogul*, for those Magnificent Strains and Titles awed the people into as great an opinion of *Cromwell*, as if he had been Brother to the Sun, Kinsman to the Moon, and Cozen German to the Stars; and therefore sure this publick artifice of *Popular Addresses* must have as Glorious an effect upon a lawful Prince, as it had in the Case of an *Usurper*; for I am afraid the King hath Listed more men by the *Rolls of Addresses*, than ever you did by the *Musters of Petitions*.

*Pb.* Give me once more but a Rampant and Sitting-house of *Commons*, and I will not value all the ranting Addresses of *England*, for many of those men, who now adore the *King*, as the *Pagans* did their *Jupiter*, would then Worship our God *Mercurius*.

*tarius*, and fall down before the chief Speaker of the People.

I know several in the List of Addressers, who inserted their names in a meer Trimming compliance to *Tantivy Times*; but if ever occasion serves, will with more chearfulness subscribe a Petition for a Parliament, than ever they did an Address to the King.

And besides, there are many of these promising Addressers, who are men of so little and narrow Souls, that they value their Blood, and their Gold, at the same rate; and would not part with three Drops of the one, nor three Scruples of the other, to save the King and his Three Crowns; and what an empty Complement is the promise of *Lives and Fortunes*, from  *Cowards, and Misers!*

But I will grant, that there are vast numbers of Addressers, who are men of Resolution, and such Simplicity of Conscience as to think themselves obliged by their promise, to Sacrifice both Men and Money in defence of the King; but suppose we had dispatched the King and the Duke at the *Rye*, and there had been no right Heir to the Crown, within the compass of the *four Seas*; then all the Addressers would have been Impertinent extravagancies, for you know that he, who destroys the King, dissolves the whole *Militia*; and in this Case, the Addressers would have demurred upon *Punctilio's of Law*, and would not have dared to beat a *Drum* and *Rendezvous'd* without *Commission*; but by virtue of our *Covenant*, and *Association*, we should have had the grace to have taken Arms, and embodied, without, and against Authority; and thus in

in that *Critical Interregnum*, we would have possess'd our selves of the Kingdom, and *Massacred* the *Divided Addressers*, before ever they could have agreed upon a method of defence.

*Po.* I confess this would have been a very difficult *dilemma*, especially if you had nois'd it for a *Popish Plot*, for if you had reported, that the *Assassins* were *Papists*, that rumour would have amuzed the Addressers, and so alarm'd the *Vulgar*, that you might have effected your designs before the discovery of the Cheat.

*Ph.* You may be sure we would have used that customary Artifice.

*Po.* But upon further Consideration, I fancy, that the Addressers having engag'd in defence of the *Monarchy*, and *Lineal Succession*; and knowing their Lives and Fortunes were at Stake, in such a desperate *Crisis*, would have had the wisdom to Arm, and Unite, and secured their respective Counties, 'till the quiet *Inauguration* of the next *Successor*, and tho' this proceeding had been *Illegal*, yet they shou'd have hoped that the *Merit* of the Service would have pleaded their *Impunity*.

You knew that in the *Hurricane* of the *Popish Plot*, the *Commons* resolved that if the King had been *Assassinated*, they would have revenged his Blood with a *Massacre* of all the *Papists* in *England*, and now your Conspiracy is so notorious, that should the King dye by Violence, the Vengeance might fall upon your own heads, and Enraged Addressers would cry in your own Language, *Down with them, Root and Branch.*

*Ph.* Indeed if it could be supposed, that ever the *Cavaliers* could be wise and resolute, I must despair, but oh ! that *London* were as nigh *Constantinople*, as *Larissa*, I would soon persuade my *Turkish Brethren* to take the *Covenant*, and Court the *Sultan* into the *Association*, I would soon send *Charles* to visit the *Seraglio*, and the *Duke* to the *Dardanels*, *Pauls* should be a *Moskee*, and brave *Ferguson*, a *Musti*.

*Po.* But can it be reconciled to any *Christian* pretensions to make a League with *Infidels* ?

*Ph.* Why, did not your most *Christian* King make a League with the most *Turkish* *Solyman* against *Charles the Fifth* ? and why might not I, by the same *Christian* Policy, make an Alliance with the *Turk* against *Charles the Second* ? does not the *Turk* frequently confederate with *Christians*, to serve the *Ottoman Interest* ? and I have heard of a *Pope*, who made a League with the *Devil*, to gratify his *Romish Ambition* ; and why should a *True Protestant* have less freedom to serve his *Interest*, than the *Pope*, the *Turk*, or the *Devil* ? Come, come, say what you will, *Interest* is the greatest *Sultan* in the World, and hath a larger dominion than *Religion*.

*Po.* I confess that what you have said is so severely True, that I will not dispute your *Right* to a *Turkish Alliance*; but however, 'tis unpracticable; and distance denies you that advantage, for it is a long journey from *Edghill* to *Mount Olympus*: But I would gladly understand, what hopes and Intrigues you have at home, to prop a declining *Cause*.

*Ph.* This

*Pb.* This last Age has been a meer Game at *Cheffe*, between the *King* and the *Punies*; the *Crown* and the *Commons*; and I have made my advantage of every motion; but *Charles the Second* hath moved with so much caution and judgment, that we must have yeilded the Game if the *Two Dukes* had not \_\_\_\_\_

*Po.* Hold, have a care, don't whisper the least *Scandalum Magnum*.

*Pb.* This is very pleasant indeed, that You, whose Title and Frontispiece is *Blasphemy*, should caution me against *Humane Scandal*.

*Po.* I shall not now dispute, who looks most like the *blaspheming Beast* in the *Revelations*, you or I; but I am sure, You may *blaspheme God* and the *King* at a Cheaper rate, than touch the honour of a *Peer*; you may with more indempnity, *Steal the Crown*, than *Spit upon a Coronet*; Remember that *Scandalum Magnum* amounts to more than 20*l.* a Month, and will more certainly ruine you, than all the *Penal Laws*.

*Pb.* Well, I thank you for the caution, for I confess I have spoke more affronting words against the King, than I dare speak of a *Peer*.

*Po.* But *Dukes* and *Peers* apart; What hopes have you in a *Parliament*? I know you have been us'd to Worship the *Gods of the Valley*, and if the *Numen's* of the *Lower House* deceive you, you have nothing to expect but Ruine.

*Pb.* It is not long since, that I was as much afraid of a *Parliament*, as ever you were of a *General Council*; for the first discovery of our *Conspiracy* fill'd the Nation with so much noise, and

horror, that all my *Esquadron Volante*, of *Neuters* and *Trimmers*, deserted me; and I was forced to live in *Chimneys*, and *Grotto's*; and wished my self in *Coal-mines*; and if the King had called a *Parliament* at *That juncture*, I durst not have appeared in *Elections*; and all my *Patriots* had such a *Panick* fear, of *Carts*, and *Scaffolds*, that they could not have been perswaded to mount the *Chair*, in that unlucky *Crisis*; but since that storm is so happily blown over, I'm even resolv'd for *England* again; and when the Law of *necessity* shall oblige the King to Summon a *Parliament*, to cry, *To your Tents O Israel*; and if it be in the power of *Purse* or *Perjury*, I will take such a course, that the *Blood* of the *Commons*, shall be Enquir'd for, without giving one *Penny* to the *Crown*.

*Po.* But do you think the King will ever give you the advantage to sit at *Westminster*?

*Pb.* Alas, our Old seat at *Westminster*, is now no great advantage, for the *True-Protestant part of the City* is grown so *Tame*, that they could see their *Charter condemned*, without the *Gallantry* of a *Tumult*, though the passing that sentence was a greater Judgment than the *Plague*. *London* has lost her *Old brave Cries of Justice, Justice, no evil Councillors*; Will you buy any *Crown and Bishops Lands*? The *City Traised-bands*, (as the Case stands now) would be more ready to Guard the *five Members* to the *Tower*, than to secure them in the *Town*.

My only hope is in another *House of One and Forty*; for *Stephens Chappel* is as *Sacred* to me as the *Chappel of Loresto* is to you; It has been Antiently

Antiently the Shrine of the Good Old Cause; and like the Senate-house at Rome, it has been Consecrated with the Blood of Caesar: Here has been so much Breath exhaled in Popular Harangues, that the inner Plaster of the Walls is nothing but Congealed Treason, and hence proceeds that Magical power, that the very Air of the Old-house has left a Republican Tincture behind it, and no Member can escape that Influence, but such as are drunk with Elixir Regale.

I have known several Gentlemen in former times, who, when they were first chosen Members of Parliament, could discourse of nothing but Monarchy, and Prerogative; but after they had breathed a few months in this Temple of our Diana, they returned, with as cool, and popular a temper, as if they had sat in the Stadhouse at Amsterdam.

But I am much concerned at the decays of this House, I am afraid it should preface the declining of the sovereignty of the Commons elsewhere, and the ruine of the Good Old Cause, and therefore I intend to advise my Representatives to vote the Repair of those dilapidations, for fear the walls should drop, and Stephen should Steane the Elders.

But if the Majority of the next house of Commons should be adorers of the Crown, and Church, I might be ruined by my own precedents; for such a House may pack a Tory Committee of Elections, and I have taught That Divan in former Times, such an Arbitrary way of proceeding, that they had got a Trick to Elect and Reprobate, whom they pleased, without any Appeal from their supreme judgment; and so, by my own method, all my Members

Members would be excluded, and not one *Saint* left in the *Sanhedrim*; but there are so many mischievous consequences, of a Cavaliering *House of Commons*, that I dare not fancy the Possibility of such an Assembly.

*Po.* Well, I see but small hopes of effecting our designs in this Age; but pray, Study some Arts to keep up the *Good Old Cause*, that it may not sink into its *Primitive Nothing*, but may be preserved in being, 'till a more fortunate juncture; for as the *Good Old Cause* can never prosper in *England*, without the *Name*, and *Noise* of *Popery*, so *Popery* cannot work without the *Fanatick Tools* of the *Good Old Cause*.

*Ph.* Never fear, I don't question but to continue the Existence of the *Good Old Cause*, as long as you can maintain your *Succession* to the *Triple Crown*; for I have many Artifices to this purpose.

*Po.* Pray, let me understand your Arts.

*Ph.* First then; in all that Noble Science of *Popular Delusion*, there is not a greater charm than *Religious Cant*; for you know, the greatest part of Mankind, are most influenced by *Passion*, and *Fancy*, and there are few such Sages as to regard the dull Oracles of *Truth* and *Soberness*; for suppose I should teach my Disciples, that the great design of *Christianity* was to teach the World the serious pursuit of *Peace* and *Holiness*, and that a *holy*, and *peaceable Temper* would best serve the *quiet* of our own *Minds*, the *Interest* of *Society*, and *Government*, and would be the most Rational Preparation for that *Life* and *Communion* of *Angels*; alafs, Sir, such solemn Divinity as this, spoken with an *Apostolical Gravity* would have no more effect upon the

the Crowd, than the Kings Speeches have had sometimes upon the House of Commons; but by my *Theatrical Art* and *Enthusiastick Divinity*, I can Preach the Strong into Raptures, and Ecstacies, and mount their Souls three Stories higher than Pauls; and then with One sad Grimace, and Lureing Tone, make them Stoop in a Moment; I can, when I please, Preach them into Conflagrations of Zeal, or Inundations of Tears, or howle them into Hurricanes and Storms of Sighs and Groans, and all this by a mysterious Screw of the Face, and the Echo's of a Passionate Noise.

Po. I have heard that you do equal, if not excell my Jesuits, in this Art of Popular Enchantment, pray give me the diversion of a short Essay of this nature.

Ph. Well then, first for the true set of the Face — D'you mark the Semicircles of the Eyes; the Triangles and Parallelograms of the Mouth and Face?

Po. Ha, ha, ha, bring your Face to rights again, for I shall laugh lowd enough for a discovery. But now let's have a tast of your Canting.

Ph. Be not troubled in mind, so  
besud and sorrowful is the sign of an ill-thriving Christian, Crying is a Childish trick, a Christian out of long Coats would be asham'd on't.

Jo. Collings Cordials  
als for the fainting  
Soul. part 2. p. 165.

Do bus wait a while, the day is coming, Cordials 2d.  
when Christ shall play no more at hide and seek with his Saints, when all Christ's busines beyond See shall be done.

When he shall say, come Taylors, bring all these my Enemies before me, Prelates, Malig-  
nants, Kings, Nobles, Gentry.

Cordials  
2d. part, p. 87.  
Po. This

Po. This Cheat must do, I see that *Canning* will move a passion as well as a *Crucifix*; but methinks your Charity is very narrow to allow none to be saved, but *your selves* and the House of Commons.

Pb. You and I may differ in some matters of Faith, but I am sure we are Brethren in the measures of Charity, for we are both agreed to damn all the world but our selves ; the only difference is, that I am for plain right-down damning, but you are for the Ceremonies of Malediction, and must Curse with the Superstitions of Bell, Book and Candle.

Po. But how can your Conscience dispense with so much profane Burlesque, to serve a Popular Interest?

Pb. I think your *Conscience* is as well matcht as our *Charity*; your *Jesuits* first taught me the art of *Canting*, nay and to *Cant* too upon the very *Canticum Canticorum*; for you know, the *Virgin Mary* is the great *Goddess of Rome*, as the *Good Old Cause* is the *Diana of Geneva*, and you have been guilty of more *Blasphemy* in *Devotion* to the *One*, than ever I *Canted* in the service of the *Other*.

Your Jesuit Döza, in his *Elucidarium Dispare*, lib. 2. p. 477. hath told the world, that, excepting the *Hypostatical Union*, the *Conception* of the *Virgin* was more *miraculous*, than that of *Jesus*, and that the *Virgin* may be called, not only the *Mother* but the *Father* of *Christ*, p. 485. he would make us believe, that her *Body* had such a perfection of *Beauty* and *Symmetry*, that her formation was the work of *Forty Ages*, lib. 3. p. 939. and thus the *Heavens* and the *Earth*, which, at most, took but six days in framing, must be thought the slight and

careless dash of Omnipotence, but the Creation of the *Virgin Mary* must be the only Elaborate work and design of Infinite Wisdom.

And tho' *Paul* hath told us, that we must all be *Changed*, before we can be fitted for that *Celestial State*, yet *Poza* excepts the *Virgin*, and tells us, her *Natural Beauty* was so *Angelical*, that she shall suffer no *Alteration*, and that God himself\* can add no greater *Perfection* to her at the *R<sup>e</sup>surrection* of the *dead*.

And that her *Stature* was as prodigious as her *Beauty*, he proves by this Argument : *The Virgins Smock*, which Charles the Great *Lodged in the Cathedral of Aquisgran*, at his return from Constantinople, A. D. 810.

\* *Was more than Two Ells Long, and then making allowance for her Head, and considering that Sacred Linnen did not touch the Ground, and it is as plain as any demonstration in Euclid, that she was wondrous Tall.*

\* Non enim Virginiam mortuas resurgentem addi potuit à Domino corporis pulchritudo. Lib.3. p.947.

\* Ex qua mensura certum est, Mariam fuisse proceram, nam si supra ulnas duas addas caput Deiparæ, planum facies illam fuisse altissimam: nam & considerandus venit Sacrum illud indusum terram non contigisse. P. 962.

The *Beauty* of some particular *Parts* he draws from the *Canticles*, as that her *Eyes* were of an *Olive-green*, appears from *Canticles*, 7. 4. *Thine Eyes are like the Fish-pools in Heshbon*: Now because the Text is not clear at first sight, therefore it is enlightened by an Ingenious Glosse, that the *Fish-ponds* of *Heshbon* are *Green* by reflexion of the *Verdant Banks and Trees*, and then 'tis as *Evident*, as your *Supremacy* from Gen. 1. 16.

E

That

That her *Nose* was strong and placed true as a *Meridian*, in the Midst of her Face he Learnedly proves from *Cant.* 7. 4. *Thy Nose is as the Tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus.*

That her *Lips* were of a pure *Vermilion* is past dispute, from *Cant.* 4. 3. *Thy Lips are like a thred of Scarlet.*

That her *Teeth* were *White* and *Well-set*, is put past question, from *Cant.* 4. 2. *Thy Teeth are like a flock of Sheep, that are even shorn, which came up from the washing.*

That her *Neck* was *Long* and *well shap'd*, is demonstrated from *Cant.* 4. 4. *Thy Neck is like the Tower of David, &c.*

*Po.* You must know that the *Italians, Spanish* and *French* are Nations of an Amorous Temper, and therefore an extravagant delineation of the Virgins Beauty does much contribute to the devotion of that people, and what you think *Ridiculous* in *England*, is *Religious* in *Italy*.

*Ph.* And what you think *Ridiculous* in *Italy*, will pass for *Religion* in *England*, I understand the *English* Temper, as well as you do the *Italian*; and don't question but *My Mode of Canting* will prevail as much in *London*, as *Fauns* does at *Rome*, if I can procure *Stages*.

*Po.* I do grant that you are well accomplished in this charming Science, and that your Incantations must be effectual upon the *Vulgar*; but what *Other Arts* have you to propagate the *Good Old Cause*?

*Ph.* That no power may ever cut off the entail of the *Good Old Cause*, we are resolved to give the *Covenant* to our *Children*, from Generation to Generation,

neration, as the dying Laplanders bequeath their Familiars; and by this politick method, We and our Brethren in Lapland shall perpetuate the Succession of Rebellion, and Witchcraft.

Po. This Policy may make the Cause Immortal, but what is the reason we have seen so few Popular Pamphlets of late? for tho' the times will not allow you to draw the Sword, yet your Covenanting hand is obliged to employ the Pen in defence of the Good Old Cause.

Ph. I know that Seditious Pamphlets are excellent Hand-granadoes, and with these I have oft fired the Tinder of the Town, and all the Chaff and Stubble in the Country, but now I am haunted with Old Nobs the Bellman, the Varlet dogs me at every corner, and as soon as ever I give fire, he flies upon the Squib with his Extinguisher; and this is not all the mischief neither, for when he spies the first spark, he cries, fire, fire, and the Villain has got such a Speaking Trumpet, that his voice is heard from Dan to Beersbeba, and so the Nation is Allarm'd and my designs defeated.

This is he that Expounded all the Algebra of Algernon, and the Riddles of Russell's Speech.

Po. Pray, what is this Nobs?

Ph. He is Founder of a New Popish Order, called Observators, and his business is to be the Kings Spectacle-maker; for by the help of his Glasses, every Poreblind Tory can plainly read my Plots, and Intrigues, tho' close set in a Geneva Print.

Po. I have heard of this pestilent fellow, and have reason to believe him as much my Enemy, as yours, and if he be not silenc'd, he will do us more

mischief than all the *Guns* in the *Tower*; I wonder you don't plant him upon *Primrose-hill*, or however, methinks your *Guinny Company* might bring over a *Couple of Blacks* to accuse him for a *Roman Censor*, and Swear they saw my *Nuntio*, pay him a Pension of a *Thousand Guinny's*.

*Pb.* I knew this would be the most Infallible Method to blast his *Reputation*, and therefore I did accuse him of *Popery*, but could not find one Believer in all the *Privy Council*.

But I hope the *Northern Stars* will take the *Covenant* again in spight of *Gadbury*, and if ever I come to wear the *Law* by my side, and *Magna Charta* in my *Pocket*, I'll mount *Old Momus* upon the top of the *Monument*, he shall dye like himself and hang with the most *Universal Observation*.

*Po.* I am convinc'd that it will be impossible to inthrone the *Good Old Cause*, without those mighty Engins of *Popular Pamphlets*, and *Parliaments*, and therefore, pray proceed in your methods of Propagation, for that is the utmost we can hope for in this Age.

*Pb.* Well then, I consider that the *Cause* can never be maintain'd by meer *Mechanicks*, and should we send our Youth to *Universities*, they would be taught *Obedience* to *Statutes*, and wear off the *Natural Abhorrence* of white *Linnen* and *Liturgy*; and thus being disciplin'd in those *Seraglio's*, they would become a kind of *Janissaries*, and be taught to destroy that Religion into which they were Born, and this we have found by fatal experiments.

And.

And therefore to prevent this mischief, we have erected our Private *Gymnasia*, and in these *Seminaries*, we Read to our Youths the *Politicks* and *Divinity* of Geneva; here they are taught the *Natural Philosophy*, and all the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* of *Sedition*, and *Rebellion*.

These *Gymnasia* are our *Spiritual Artillery-Grounds*; here my *Veterane Champions* instruct their *Young Volunteers* in the management of *Tongue* and *Face*, how to fire a *Mouth-granado*, how to beat all the Points of War upon the *Pulpit-drum*; when to lye in *Ambuscade*, and when to raise their *Batteries* against the Government, how to *Undermine* a *Throne*, and *Sap* the *walls* of a *Cathedral*.

*Po.* This *Essential Policy*, for neither *Popery* nor *Presbytery* can be Propagated without *Seminaries*, and therefore I suppose the design of your *Gymnasia* was borrowed from *Doray* and *St. Omers*, which places my *Cardinal Bentivoglio* ingeniously stiles *Military Stations*, \* where my *Spiritual Souldiers* are disciplin'd in the Arts of *Holy War*, and are drawn out from thence to defend the *Catholick Cause* in *England*: Now you and I may every year send forth our severall *Detachments* from these *Spiritual Garrisons*, and so we may beleaguer the Church of *England* on *Both-sides*; the only fear is that *Lewis* should beat up our Quarters in *Flanders*, and *Charles* should dismantle your *Cittadels* in *England*.

*Pb.* Besides these *Artillery-Companies*, I have a *Flying Squadron* of *Neutral Clergy*, quarter'd within the

\* Questi Seminarii sono come gli alloggiamenti militari, oue apprendono calor disciplina soldati spirituali ch'anno dopo a difender la causa cattolica in Inghilterra. Card. Bentivoglio, Relazione de prov. ubl. de Flandria, p. 209.

the Lines of the Church of *England*, and these, by their *whispers* in the *Desk*, and *Noise* in the *Pulpit*, do me more service in the *Church*, than all my *Doctors* in the *Synagogue*; for you know, one piece of Ordnance within the Ship, whose mouth is directed to the keel, if it be well charg'd, and fir'd, must do more fatal Execution, than a thousand shot at two mile distance.

These men teach their people to clamour against the *Canonical Clergy*, and the *Heights of Hierarchy*, and dispose them for an easie Compliance to the Model of *Geneva*; and therefore upon the first revolution, they and their whole *Brigades* will come over to our *Triumphant Banners*.

These men Resemble that *Asian Sett*, which the *Turks* call the *Raphasis*, who are neither *Zealous Musselman*, nor devout *Christians*, but according as their humour and Interest move them, can *Worship*, either *Christ*, or *Mahomet*, and go indifferently, in *Pilgrimage*, to *Meccha*, or *Jerusalem*.

*Po.* These Ecclesiastick *Neuters*, and *Lay-trimmers* must do you excellent Service; and therefore I advise you to Court, and admire these men, as the *Greater Saints* and *Wiser Subjects*; for they must be *Zealous Loyallists*, who uphold the *Height*, and *Honour* of a *Government*, but men of *Cold*, and *Trimming Tempers* will betray it with *Indifference*, and *Moderation*, and look upon its *Ruine* with half a smile.

What were they, who ruin'd my Authority in *England*, in the days of *Henry the Eighth*, but *Trimming Papists*? What were my *Gibedines*, that shaked the *Papacy*, in the *Thirteenth Century*, but

*Prudentiel Catholicks?* And those Bissops in the Council of Constance, and the Basilisks of Basit, who usurpt the Prerogative of deposing Popes, and Decreed Me Inferior to all General Council, were all Romish Trimmers, and therefore why should not the Church of England suffer by Trimmers, as well as the Church of Rome?

*Pb.* Sir, Let me alone to make my advantage of these mens Tempers: But to proceed,

My most Infallible art, to continue the Reputation of the Good Old Cause, is the Eminency of a Politick Sanctity, and *Si vis fallere Plebem; finge Deos* — is as good Latin in England, as ever it was at Rome.

*Po.* Pray, Let me know wherein your Sanctity consists?

*Pb.* In *Sabbaths* and *Sobriety*; for as for *Faith*, That relates to things *not seen*, and is a Virtue of it self, *Invisible*; *Obedience to Superiors* is meer *Human Courtship* and *Slavery*; and therefore doth not become the *privilege* and *Freedom of Saints*; *Meekness*, *Hamility* and *Charity* are all but *Good Nature*: But to be *Sober* and keep a *Sabbath*, are the most *Popular signs of Grace and Sanctity*.

*Po.* This is as gross a *Cheat*, as the Tears, and Bleeding of a Romish Image, for if *Sobriety* be the Grand *Essential of Religion*, *Mahomet* was a *diviner Prophet* than *Jesus*, for he was so far from Turning *Water* into *Wine*, that his *Alcoran* has Turn'd *Wine* into *Water*, and not only denied his Disciples the whole *Finkins*, but doth not allow them the juyce of one *single Grape*.

And

And if to keep a *Sabbath*, be the Great Character of a *Saint*, the Jew is as much a *Christian* as you.

*Ph.* Alas, this is too fine and *Metaphysical* for the *Pia Matres* of the Unthinking Crowd, and notwithstanding these reasons, the Cheat is popular and must prevail, a *Stanch* and *demure Assassin* will pass for a greater *Saint* in the opinion of the *Vulgar*, than a *Damning Carousing Cavalier*, and he, who like the *Pharisee*, can spend the whole *Sabbath* in *Synagogues*, and *Long-prayers*, may *Plot* against *Cesar*, and *Rob Widows Houses* for six days after, and yet keep the Reputation of a *Saint*.

*Po.* I know that a *Reserv'd soberness* must command the *Peoples Veneration*; but I most admire how you can Impose upon them that *Melancholy Imposture* of *Sabbatizing*.

Your *Turkish Brethren*, when the *Prayers* of their *Mosques* are ended, can upon their *Sabbath* return to their common busines, without the least charge of *Profanation*.

The *Jews in Barbary*, after their devotions of the *Synagogue*, do spend the rest of their *Sabbath* in the utmost *Gaiety*, and *briskeſt festivity*.

Your *Dutch Brethren* make no more scruple of *Taverns*, or *Tables*, upon a *Sunday*, than they did in burning the ships at *Chattam*.

The whole *Catholick Church* did never look upon the *Sunday* as a *Jewish Sabbath*, but a *Christian Festival*; indeed they always took care for the *Solemnities* of *publick Religion*, but when those Devotions of the day were ended, it did never forbid any *Innocent Mirth*, or *diversion*, but thought that *Agreeable* to so great a *festival*.

Your

\* Your ancient Canons under King Edgar, did enjoyn, that upon the Sunday, all people should abstain from Trade, or Merchandise; they thought there was too much busie Care, and Uneasiness, in those affairs, to consist with the chearful diversions of a Festival; and it was wisely provided by the Law of Canutus, that no Criminal should be put to death upon the Lords day; for such Executions of Justice, were *Acts* and *Spectacles*, too sad and severe; and would have sownred the pleasures of a Feast.

\* Docemus ut  
in die solis quisque  
ablineat a merca-  
tura, &c.

Nemo die Do-  
minico morti ob-  
jicitur.

But those harmless diversions which only tend to the promoting of health, friendship, or pleasantness of mind, were never prohibited by any Law or Canon of the Catholick Church.

I am sure you have neither Precept, nor Precedent, from Christ, or his Apostles, for your Sabbatical Severities.

As for the Jews, they were a people so Base and Earthy, that they would have allowed no time for solemn devotion to God, or diversion to their domesticks, and therefore God was pleased, next to his own honour, to provide for the ease and relaxation of the Jewish Labourers, for without the Laws of Sabbaths, the Jewish Servants had been as great Slaves in Israel as their Fore-fathers were in Egypt, and would have found no Jubilee, but the day of Death, and no Rest, but a Bed or a Grave. Therefore it is evident, that God did design the Sabbath to be a Cheerful Mixture, of devotion, and diversion, for if that whole day must have been spent in the Strictest Offices of Religion, that Restraint would

have been more sedulous to the youth and Servants of Israel, than the Plough, and the Spade, and would have lookt more like the Rigor of a *fish*, than the favour of a *Festival*.

However, That Law of the Sabbath was a peculiar *Sanction* to the Jews, and no more obliges the *Christian World*, than the *Sacrificing* of *Bulls* and *Rams*; now what I have said in this case, I have not spoke as a *Pope*, but the sense of a *Common Casbolick*, and in the General defence of *Christian Liberty*, for in this matter, *Rome* is no more concern'd than *Rotterdam*.

*Pb.* I consider that if the people should be allowed their *Sunday-diversions*, it would give them such a *Gaiety*, and *Pleasantry* of *humour*, that they would not have *Malice* enough to be *Rebells*, nor be *sullen* enough, for *Schismatiks*; and therefore to gain the *Reputation* of *Extraordinary Sanctity*, and to continue the *divisions* in *England* by a *Censorious*, and *morose Temper*, I have preach't up the *Superstition* of the *Sabbath*, both from the *Pulpit* and the *Gallows*.

*Po.* Pray tell me by what *Sophistry* you persuade the people into this delusion?

*Pb.* I tell them, that we *Christians* are bound to do God as much Service as the *Jews*, and shall the *Jews* keep holy the *Sabbath day*, and we *Christians* profane it?

*Po.* 'Tis true, we are obliged to worship, fall down and kneel, in our solemn Addresses to the Divine Majesty, and to do this with as much Humility and Reverence as the *Jews* did in the *Tabernacle*, or *Temple*, tho' your *Ruder Modes* of *Religion*, look more like *Affront*, than adoration.

Nay,

Nay, I grant that we have as much moral reason to observe the *Lords day*, as the *Jews* had for the observation of the *Sabbath*; but yet I can't think that howling and whining, sadness and sower Faces should be essential Sanctifications of a *Festival*; Indeed the honour of God ought first to be consulted, by the solemn homage of *Publike Religion*, but when that service is devoutly performed, I see no profaneness in harmless and healthful diversions.

When God enacted those *Jewish Feasts* of *Weeks* and *Tabernacles*, *Mirth* and *Re-creation* was made an essential part of those Festivals, they were as much obliged to rest from their Servile Labours upon those days, as they were upon the *Sabbath*, and to keep them as *Solemn Feasts* to the *Lord*; no doubt but they did repair upon those Feasts to a Holy place, and there did pay their Religious Homage to the *Lord* of the whole Earth; there they made a Solemn Commemoration of his peculiar providences, and offered up their first Fruits and Thanksgivings for the prosperity and harvest of *Israel*; but when these Religious parts were accomplish'd, the rest of those Festivals were to be spent in *Mirth* and *Jollity*, and that too, by Divine Command, *Deut. 16. 14.* *And thou shalt rejoice in thy Feast, thou and thy Son and thy Daughter, and thy Man-servant, and thy Maid-servant, and the Levite, the Stranger and the Fatherless, and the Widow, that are within thy Gates:* And that there might not be the undecency of a Sigh, or a sad Thought, to profane those Festivals, God repeats the injunction

Every Feast call'd,  
was call'd *Sabbath* among the *Jews*.

*Exod. 34. 21.*

*Deut. 16. 10.*

at the end of the fifteenth verse, *Thou shalt surely rejoice*: Now why the Jews shoud be allowed, nay enjoyed to be *Merry* and *Pleasant*, upon their *Festiv<sup>al</sup>s*, and we *Christians* should be *sad*, and *severe*, upon *Ours*, I cannot understand; and therefore your *Sabbatarian* delusion is to me one of the greatest *Miracles of Geneva*.

*Pb.* But I tell the people, that we are bound to design and endeavour perfection, and are always obliged to do that which is most Religious: Now certainly to Read the Bible is better than to play at Football; to repeat Sermons is more Religious than to Dance in a Circle; and sure Prayers, tho' shot at Rovers, are fitter weapons for the *Sabbath* than *Bows* and *Arrows*; and singing of *Psalms* is a more Sanctified Musick than ringing of *Bells*.

*Po.* Whether those perlons whose Heads understand little more than their Feet, will not do less mischief with *Footballs* than with *Bibles*, is a great question at *Rome*, and whether the extravagance of your *Random-prayers* have not more wounded Religion, than all the *Sunday-Bows* and *Arrows*, may be doubted too; and whether ringing of *Bells* be not as solemn melody as singing of *Psalms*, may admit dispute, especially in those places, where there are *Musical Bells* and *Mad Voices*.

But your whole argument is a meer *Sophisme*, and is founded upon a false *Postulatum*, for we are not always bound to do that which is most Religious; indeed in matters which have a moral contrariety, there we are always obliged to do that which is good, and avoid that which is evil; but in two actions, where neither is evil, we may in due circumstances,

cumstances, do that which is *Innocent*, tho' not so great an Office of Piety as the other.

Thus St. Paul tells us, that *Virginity* is a *purer State* than a *Married Life*, but yet if all Christians should think themselves obliged to this *Angelic Perfection*, and shou'd neither *Marry*, nor be given in *Marriage*, because 'tis most *Pious* not to *Touch a Woman*, *Christendom* would be totally lost in the next *Century*, and the whole Earth become the habitation of *Gog and Magog*.

To Pray, and to Worship God, are undoubtedly greater Acts of Religion, than to Plow and to Trade, but if all Christians should therefore desert the Shop, and the Field, and spend their days in Closets and Temples, *Christendom* must be fed by Miracles; and such superstition would look more like *Frenzy* than *Devotion*, and therefore, tho' to Pray be a more Pious office than to Plow, yet it is as Lawful in just Circumstances, to Plow, as it is to Pray: Thus tho' Preaching and Praying be more Religious services, than *Sport* and *Pastime*, yet such recreations as have no Moral Evil, and are not prohibited by any Divine or Civil law, are certainly Innocent, and when the Publick Devotions of the *Sunday* be duly performed, no man can offend by such diversions.

But tho' you use this argument for Popular seducement, yet this is not your Rule of Practice: No question but to *Pray and Worship God* is far more Religious, than to *Shed Blood*, but yet you forgot this *Divinity* at the Battel of *Edg-hill*, and made no scruple of *Murder*, and *Rebellion*, tho' it was upon that day, which you call the *Sabbath*.

For

For Subjects to make Prayers and Supplications for Kings, and all in Authority, and to live a Quiet life in all Godliness, and Honesty, and to leave it to the Lord of the whole world to influence the minds of Princes, and to dispose of their persons and Crowns; no question but this is far more Religious, than to usurp the Divine Prerogative, and set up whom we fancy, and pull down what Prince we please, but yet you and I don't think our selves obliged to this height of Perfection.

But how did you resent the September Thanksgiving?

Pb. Ah! Sir, it was to me a more melancholy day, than the Parliament's fall in the Popish Plot.

Po. The appointing that Thanksgiving upon a Sunday, was in my opinion a Politick design of the English Court, to cure the Nation of that fallen distemper of Sabbath-breaking, by that cunning Essay of Mirth, and Dominical Triumph.

Pb. I declam'd against those profane Bonfires, as Sacrifices to Moloch, and making the Children pass through the fire: The Author of the Practice of Piety hath recorded so many remarks of divine Vengeance upon Sabbath-breakers, that I did hope those unhallow'd fires would have made some Cities like unto Sodom and Gomorrah, and left some Towns in Ashes; I did expect that the Gunpowder would have Sabbathized, and would not have been so Diabolical, as to have flasht into Fire and Brimstone: However I thought the Cannons might have prov'd like the fiery Furnace, and have destroyed those men, who kindled the Flame: But those Triumphant Prophane-nations being not revenged by any fire or Thunderbolts

bolts from Heaven, I have lost my argument from Providence, and the *Tories* will fancy, that the fire and smoke of that day was a kind of Incense and Burnt-offering.

*Po.* I am afraid that the *English* Nation will become so wise and Ingenious, as to see through this Cheat, and recover their ancient Freedom and Generosity; and the want of *Puritanick* Scruples will be a mighty disadvantage to the Cause.

*Ph.* I grant that the Supererrogating Superstition of the Sabbath, is the Principal Foundation of *Puritanisme*, but I am secure of this advantage; for the Church of *England* it self does contribute to this delusion; for tho' *Paul* tells us, that the *Ministration written in Stone is done away*, yet *Moses* is read every Sabbath day in the *English Churches*, as well as in the *Jewish Synagogues*; and when the Minister (as if he came just from Mount *Horeb*) proclaims with a loud voice, *Remember thou keepest holy the Sabbath day*, it is impossible the people should forget to Sabbathize, and by this frequent Repetition of the *Fourth Commandment*, the word *Sabbath* must be continued in its popular vogue, and *Sunday* will be thought *Profane*, and *Paganish*; and hence it is, that not only my Disciples, but the undiscerning *Proselytes* of the Church of *England*, do commonly stile the *Lords day* the *Sabbath day*, and do mistake it for the very *Sabbath* in the *Fourth Commandment*.

*Po.* I see the Church of *England* was resolved to have the Reformation according to *Law*, and after the *Pattern* of the *Mount*; but I wonder they are not ashame'd to Charge me with the *Doctrine of Equivocation*, when they themselves do every *Sunday*,

day Equivocate both with God and Man : For the people are enjoyn'd in express terms to observe the Jewish Sanction of the Sabbath, and to keep Holy the Seventh day, and yet all this time, the First day of the Week is only Intended, and when that Law of the Sabbath is fully pronounc't, the people are taught to Pray, *Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep THIS Law.* So that the best sense, which can be put upon that mistaken Ejaculation is this, Lord we pray thee to give us grace to keep the Seventh day, but thou knowest we mean the first.

Ph. My Rabbi's tell me, that the Ten Commandments being a Peculiar Sanction to the Jews, were never received into any ancient Liturgy of the Greek or Latin Churches ; but the inserting them into the English Service was a very Fortunate Innovation, and I shall improve the advantage ; for the Church of England is now under an Inextricable Dilemma ; if they continue this Mosaical Sanction, as part of their Christian Service, it must perpetuate the humor of Judaizing : If they should alter or expunge the Laws of Moses, it would cause such Popular Outcries, that they dare not adventure the consequence.

It is the opinion of some, that the Evangelical Beatitudes were designed to answer the Ten Commandments, and therefore like them were delivered from the Mount : But yet if the Convocation should place those Beatitudes, and the whole Pandect of Christian Laws, in the room of the Two Tables, it would not amount to popular Satisfaction, for the Common people have as much, if not more, veneration

ration for *Moses*, than they have for *Christ*; for they do not murmur against the Pictures of *Moses* and *Aaron*, tho' expos'd in their holy places; but if these two Jewish Saints were removed, and the Pictures of *Christ* and his *Apologists* introduced into *Churches*, the people would clamour against the change as rank *Papery*.

*Po.* Well, you have abundantly convinc't me, that a *Judaizing Puritanisme* must continue in *England*, as long as the *Ten Commandments* are continued in the *Common-Prayer-Book*; but have you no other Stratagem to propagote the *Good Old Cause*?

*Pb.* Truly at present I have no more in prospect, but only the hopes of a *Toleration*; to have our Religious exercizes confin'd to *Private Families*, is like the restraint of *Simple Marriage*, and will never propagate with expedition, but a *Toleration* is a kind of *Spiritual Polygamy*, and if I can once again but espouse the Teeming Crowds, we shall Multiply like *Jews*, and bring forth *Captains of Fifties*, and *Captains of Hundreds*, and *Captains of Thousands*.

*Po.* If ever you have an *Indulgence*, you must thank *Rome* for the favour; but you can never expect it upon the account of your own Merit, for all your *Plots*, and *Associations*, your *Insolencies*, and *Conspiracies*, are dated from the *Last Indulgence*, and tho' the King might forget that you denied his Father the favour of his own *Chaplains*, yet he can't but remember, how you abused his Grace, and what where the mischiefs of the *Last Tolera-*

*Toleration*, and therefore I am afraid you will be deceiv'd in the hopes of a *Second Indulgence*.

*Ph.* To give the King this due, he is a Prince of great Humanity, and good Nature; and his anger being appeas'd by a few bloody Sacrifices, I hope he may be persuaded that a freedom of *Conscience* in matters of Religion is the most *Sacred Right*, and *Liberty* of the *Subject*, and that such an Act of Grace would produce an *Universal Calm*, and force *Assassins* to adore him; I know he can't long endure to hear the Grones and Doleful complaints of ruin'd Families, who pine under the pressure of *Penal Laws*, and since it is no time to affront him, I am resolv'd to appear as *Patient* as a *Primitive Martyr*; and thus I do hope that by the Intercession of mighty Friends, and the attitice of a feigned *Humility*, I may at length attain the *Jubilee* of a *Second Indulgence*; and then — I will busily to build a — But pray tell me, what is your Opinion concerning *Toleration* — I have a very good Opinion of an *Toleration* in *England*, but I will never allow it at *Rome*, for I am of the same mind with your *Presbyterian*, that if the Devil were to beg a favour, he would petition for an *Universal Toleration*, for beside the ill consequences of *State factions*, and fierce *Anomisties*, an Allowance of so many *Divisions* and *Varieties* in Religion, must occasion an *Indifference* in looser minds, and make them dispute the very *Fundamentals*, and therefore I believe that a *Toleration* tends more to *Atheisme*, than the *Spanish Inquisition*.

But

But now I must leave you, and consult with the *Imperial* and *Venetian Ambassadors* concerning that grand Affair of the *Turkish War*; and since you are resolv'd for *England* again, I wish you a *Short Voyage*, and a *Long Parliament*.

*Ph.* Undone! undone! I spie an *English-man* of War under full Sail, Top and Top Gallant; and he seems to pursue us.

*Ital. Seamen.* Well, what if it be? we are not Conscious to our selves of any Affront to the King of Great Britain, we will not pretend to flee, we'll Fur our Sails, expect and Salute him.

*Ph.* Oh! that I had seen a Flag with *Mahomet's* Half Moon, it had been a far more pleasing prospect than the Ensign of the Crois! I had rather be a slave in *Argiers*, than a Prisoner in *London*.

*Cavalier.* Gentlemen, is there not an *English and a Guard*? *Phanastick*, who under some *Tuscan* Disguise has stol'n into this *Italian Bottom*?

*Ital. Seamen.* Signore, we have on Board a very Sullen Melancholy Passenger, and he is now couch'd upon the Round Top, but we know nothing of his Religion, whether he Worship God or the Devil, Christ or Mahomet, we are very willing to part with him, for we have lost many of our Ships Company by a Bloody Flux, and have been tossed with Storm and Tempest ever since he imbarq'd with us.

*Caval.* Come Soldiers, down with him away with him, Disarm him, and clap him under Deck.

*Pb.* Is this Great and Generous, to Triumph over  
a naked Man, and not leave me a Sword to cut  
your Throat?

*Cav.* When the King shall think it Prudence to  
make *Bedlam* an Armory, and all those Lunaticks  
*Granadeers*; then you may expect he should return  
your Sword, and Trust you once more with his  
Militia and Magazines; but 'till then —

*Pb.* Oh ! oh ! oh ! Spirits, Apparitions —

*Cav.* What's the matter?

*Pb.* There appears a Murdered King and Two  
Archbishops, the Ghost of *Strafford*, and one thin,  
ghastly Ghost that looks like the shadow of an  
*Umbra*: Oh ! oh ! here comes whole Troops of Ma-  
lignant Spectres, with Axes and Halters, Chains  
and Wounds.

*Pb.* [He Rages.] Fire ! fire ! the Devil Tavern is  
all on fire ! O the Cause ! the Cause ! the Otes and  
the Votes, all in Flame in Brimstone !

The Kings Head has devour'd the Dragons  
Tail !

Visions ! Visions ! The Half Moon is drown'd in  
a Pipe of Greek Wine, and the Head of *Titus*  
discovers the whole Plot upon the Top of the  
North Pole !

The French Bombs, thunder in the *Vatican*, and  
Charles's Wain drives over the Bear and the Scor-  
pion !

Now all is Dark, black as *Egypt* ! Boy fetch me  
the Tinder-box of *Etna* or *Strombolo* !

*Cav.*

Cav. Ho, Soldiers, our Renegado is raging Mad,  
in a very high Distraction, Chain him quickly,  
for fear he fire the Ship, and leap over-board.

Well, now lash him, give him Forty stripes and  
one more.

Pb. Furies, Tories, Devils, Tormentors, oh —

Cav. Come, call the Surgeon, we must Bleed  
him too.

Surgeon. What Quantity Sir ?

Cav. If his Veins were as large, and as full as  
the Channels of the *Nile*, and the *Rhine*, every  
drop could not expiate for his profuse Effusions of  
Sacred and Loyal Blood, but bleed him Eight and  
Forty Ounces.

Well, now I wish, that this just method might  
reduce him to a sober mind, and to a quiet and  
Governable Temper, 'till then I will leave him in  
Irons, and he that gives him liberty, as long as  
he is a *Phanatick*, must have madnes's enough to  
be intitl'd to his Chains.

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